

# Mississkoui



# Standard.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

VOL. 2.

## POETRY.

### LAUGHING LOVE.

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,  
A fig for those who sigh—  
Hurrah, hurrah! for the bounding heart,  
And the bright and sparkling eye!  
There's care enough to darken still  
Life's path wher'er we roam;  
The melancholy brood not o'er  
The festive board at home.  
Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

The stately form—the haughty brow,  
And the cold, majestic air,  
May awe the slaves who worship them—  
The pomp they cannot share;  
But the smile that parts the rosy lips,  
And the looks of artless glee,  
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,  
O, that's the love for me!  
Hurrah, hurrah! for laughing love,  
A fig for those who sigh—  
Hurrah, hurrah! for the bounding heart,  
And the bright and sparkling eye!

### MAN AND WOMAN.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by cares of the world or cultivated into mere smiles by the art of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the breast of the coldest bosom which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his earthly life, or a song piped in the interval of acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men: but a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity: but he is an active being he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupations, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure—or, if the scene of his disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will. But woman's comparatively a fixed, a secluded and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall he look for consolation? If unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked and abandoned and left desolate. With her the desire has failed; the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, 'until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury.' Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should so speedily be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but few know of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler. How many bright eyes grow dim!—How many soft cheeks grow victims of blasted hopes and withered joys!

Woman is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove...graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; & as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women thus disappearing gradually from the earth and have repeatedly fancied that I could

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

FREELIGHSBURG, L. C., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1836.

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trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, and melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. The cancer worn, of grief preys slowly, but alas! too surely, upon the heart of its devoted victim. Its ravages are unnoticed by the casual observer, but the keen and discerning eye of the human mind, that most mysterious emanation from the creative powers of the Almighty—discovers in the half checked sigh, the oft starting tear the heavy cloud of sorrow casting its shadows upon the brow, the occasional lapse into melancholy, and anon the forced and unnatural burst of apparently high spirits sure tokens of that mental consumption which bids defiance to the life reviving powers of medicine, to the utmost care and skill of the ablest physician. Wo, then to be that man who trifles with the human heart as it were a thing of light import—who, having sought till he obtained the 'unswerving look of love from woman's eye,' that undeniable proof of the return of his affection, casts aside as valueless the heart he then knows to be his own! No word of reproach from the injured one may assail his ear, and this absence of reproof from without may lull the accusations of his inward monitor, but he may rest assured that, in the eye of God he is regarded as a murderer. His strict tables of justice admit not of the palliations that man will conjure up to clear himself in his own eyes; and this he will feel when reason, asserting her sway over his passions, convinces him of the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. He will then seek to hide his very head for shame. But his remorse is now in vain for her whom death has already secured as his prize: no earthly power can reanimate the heart now cold in the grave, and the conviction that she whom his neglect has placed where she is forever beyond the reach of reparation, embitters reflection to the last moment of his existence.

### THE WAY TO CURE A BAD HUSBAND.

—One Farmer Potter, of the parish of Bow, in Devonshire, a man much inclined to sottishness, having occasion to sell a yoke of oxen, drove them to Credition fair, about six or seven miles distance—and meeting with a good fair, agreeable entertainment, and jovial companions, he was mightily in his element, and did not cry to go home, but tarried there some weeks, singing the songs of the drunkard, until at last he was disposed to set out for Bow, and taking his Landlord with him, they soon arrived at the farmer's house, where he expected to meet with a warm reception from his wife; but the good woman had formed a better resolution. Upon the sight of his wife, who came to the door, he accosted her with 'So, Grace, I am returned'; to which she answered, 'I see you be, my dear; you are very welcome.' But, said he, 'I have brought another man with me.' Quoth she, 'He is welcome too for your sake.' But, my love, said he, 'I have sold my oxen.' 'My dear,' replied she, you went to the fair for that purpose.' 'I've spent the money.' 'If you have,' quoth she, 'twas no more than your own.' 'But farther than that,' said he, 'I have gone a score to the amount of forty shillings, and here is my landlord come for it.' 'If so,' said she, 'I'll go upstairs and fetch it for him,' which she immediately did; and afterwards treating the landlord with a pipe of tobacco and a pitcher of cider, in an amicable manner, he took his leave. The farmer being so charmed with the good economy of his wife Grace, told her, with tears in his eyes, he would do so no more; and declared her his darling, and the best of women; and from thence lived temperate and happy with dame Grace to the day of his death. But had she stormed him in the manner too many women are wont to do on such occasions, there is the greatest probability in the world, he would have pursued his vicious course of life, and brought down poor Dame Grace's hairs with sorrow to the grave.

—HORRIBLE.—A few days since, a party of Lowndes county, Geo. Volunteers, fell in with a party of Creeks near the Florida line, and killed ten warriors, and took eight women and children prisoners. The prisoners were taken to a house under guard. In the evening one of the squaws was observed to give her children drink from a coffee-pot. Shortly after she obtained leave of absence and not returning, search was made for her, but she had made her escape. Her children were all found dead, from poison administered by their unnatural mother. On Wednesday the 2d inst. Col. Wood, of Randolph Geo. with only 38 men under his command, discovered a large party of Indians in a swamp. The savages challenged him to come into the swamp for a 'fair fight.' Notwithstanding his inferiority in

numbers, he boldly charged upon them. After a desperate engagement, hand to hand the savages fled in all directions. Twenty seven warriors were found dead on the field of battle, and many more were supposed to be killed and wounded. Before their flight they strangled their children by stuffing their mouth and nostrils with mud moss. The children were found in that condition after the battle was over.—*Floridian.*

From the London Times of the 17th June.

### LETTERS ON THE CANADAS.

No. III.  
To MR. JOSEPH HUME AND JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Sirs,—The object of the present letter is to give an epitomized statement of the progress, spirit, and character of the Canadian agitations and parties which you represent, and of which I have shown you are the primary movers.

I have said that the first step taken by the Lower Canada House of Assembly to abolish the constitution of that province was in 1833. That Assembly proposed to call a provincial convention of delegates to consider the propriety of either abolishing the Legislative Council, or of rendering it elective. This proceeding was adopted in the very session after that in which the same House of Assembly had unanimously prayed that 'the constitution, as established by law, might be transmitted unimpaired to posterity.' Their correspondence in the interval of these two sessions with Mr. Hume and Mr. Roebuck, and the return of Mr. Viger from London, had poured this flood of new light upon their minds. By a royal despatch, dated January, 1834, this conventional project was disallowed. In Upper Canada materials did not exist for so speedy and successful an adoption of your opinions and advice, and for more than a year after Mr. Hume had recommended the establishment of an independent republic in British North America, like that of the United States, his recommendation was not responded to by a single newspaper in Upper Canada, except Mr. McKenzie's, and in that very cautiously. Not even your pupil, Mr. McKenzie, had the hardihood to whisper the Elective Legislative Council project within the walls of the Assembly; he therefore adopted another method to carry your schemes into effect. He proceeded, in the first place, to get a little society formed for the discussion of political questions, and the diffusion of political information. After a few months' weekly lecturing to companies of persons thus assembled, a sufficient number of kindred spirits were prepared for further proceedings, and the members of this society, at a meeting held in its room on the 9th of December, formed themselves into a society, with branches in the Canadas and elsewhere, to be known by the title of 'the Canadian Alliance,' for the attainment of the following among other objects:—

'1. A responsible representative system of government, and the abolition of the Legislative Council, the members for which are nominated for life by the colonial governors.'

'2. A written constitution for Upper Canada, embodying and declaring the original principles of the government.'

'3. The abolition of the law of primogeniture.'

'4. The control of the whole public revenue by the representatives of the people.'

'5. To oppose all undue interference by the Colonial office, Treasury, or Horse Guards, in the domestic affairs of the colonists.'

'6. The diffusion of sound political information by tracts and pamphlets.'

'7. The extinction of all monopolizing land companies.'

'8. The vote by ballot in the election of representatives, aldermen, justices of the peace, &c.'

'9. To enter into close alliance with any similar association that may be formed in Lower Canada or the other colonies, having for its object 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

'Mr. Wm. L. McKenzie, M. P. P., Corresponding Secretary for the Society and all its branches.'

'Mr. Joseph Hume, M. P., and Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, M. P. agents in England.'

'Mr. E. B. O'Callaghan, M. P. P. (editor of the Montreal Vindicator newspaper,) agent in Montreal.'

'Mr. Etienne Parent, House of Assembly, Lower Canada, agent in Quebec.' Also agents in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland.

How exactly do the objects thus stated by the parties for whom you are agents

agree with the recommendations (herefore quoted) of Mr. Hume in 1833—the year in which this Mr. W. L. McKenzie left London for Upper Canada, and commenced this new scheme of political independence. For let the above objects be accomplished, and where has England a shred of monarchical government, property or power in North America?.... And if you could by any means induce or compel his Majesty's Government to sanction an elective House of Lords and republican government there, how soon and emphatically would you say, 'What has been sanctioned as good and necessary for North America cannot be vicious in principle, or bad for England.' Nay, you and your Canadian confederates have, in fact, already said so. In a letter addressed by Mr. Roebuck to Mr. Papineau, Speaker of the Lower Canada House of Assembly, May, 1835, he calls the Legislative Council 'a wretched imitation of a baneful mischievous institution,' (the English House of Lords;) and adds, 'The object you have in view is to frame a government in accordance with the feelings and wants of the people. In America, no government can unite these conditions but one that is purely democratic.' Accordingly, Mr. Papineau, on the 4th of last November, in a speech on Mr. Roebuck's agency in London, is reported to have called Mr. Roebuck 'the faithful mirror of that house,' and to have further observed, 'the people of this province was now merely preparing themselves for a future state of political existence, which he, Mr. Papineau, trusted would be neither a monarchy nor an aristocracy. He hoped Providence had not in view for his country a feature so dark as that it should be the means of planting royalty in America, near a country so grand as the United States. He hoped, for the future, that America would give Republics to Europe.'

No comment is required on these passages but that which British feeling will indite in the mind of the reader. I therefore return to the Canadian Alliance Society, of which you are the London agents. This society has continued to hold its meetings nearly every week since its formation; has done all in its power to extend and multiply its branches; has succeeded in forming several in different parts of the province; has, by resolutions, appeals, &c., attacked every measure of Government which it could in any way convert into topics of excitement, and has assailed every member of the Assembly, and almost every other public man who was known to be favorable to the established institutions of the country; has, last of all, sent to the officers of its branches and into various parts of the province printed petitions to the Assembly against granting any supplies to Government, and in favor of sending the newly appointed Governor, Sir F. B. Head, from whence he came. This the majority of the Assembly have resolved to do.... refusing the supplies, demanding the recall of Sir Francis Head, and a new governor and government, responsible to the local Assembly, and a variety of other things, 'too numerous to mention.'

There is one more event in the progress of incipient revolution in Upper Canada which is necessary to notice for the information of many members of the British Parliament, to whom was presented, a few months since, an octavo volume of Canadian grievances in the form of report of a committee of the House of Assembly. This report, which fills nearly 600 pages, was not presented to the house until after 1 o'clock in the morning of the day before the Governor had given notice of his intention to prorogue the Legislature. More than half of the members had retired for the night, though there was not an absentee among the 'Canadian Alliance' members. On account of the advanced hour of the night, the late period of the session, the length of the report, (and the supply bill not having yet been passed) it was proposed to dispense with reading the report and to print it for the information of members and the public during the recess. This proposition, after some complaint from one or two members against such a mode of proceeding, was agreed to. One of the leading Conservative members hearing next day that a voluminous report of this com-

mittee had been, at a very late hour, presented to the House and ordered to be printed, searched for it, in order to learn its contents; but the report was not to be found, either in the clerk's office or in any of the committee rooms. Just before the prorogation he complained of this to the House, and Mr. McKenzie, on being questioned, replied, that he had not desired to conceal the report from any member of the house until the close of the session, but he had taken it to his own house to get some parts of it copied and sent to Mr. Papineau, of Lower Canada, and to Mr. Hume, in London. Loud complaints were of course made against such unparliamentary and unheard of conduct; but the object of the Canadian Alliance party was accomplished. The session closed; and this report was printed and sent home to his Majesty's government, and to many members of the Imperial Parliament, as the deliberate sentiments of the people of Upper Canada, speaking through their representatives, and was made the basis of a very elaborate despatch from Lord Glenelg to his Excellency Sir F. B. Head, dated December 15 1835. Yet this report was never even read in the Assembly, nor was it a resolution for an Elective Legislative Council ever moved, or the question ever discussed, in the Upper Canada House of Assembly, until since the beginning of the present year.

Such, Sirs, is the manner (as I can easily prove by abundant references to legislative debates) in which your schemes have been promoted in Upper Canada. What would be thought of a report of a select committee of the House of Commons being thus made and sent forth to the world, embracing the constitution of the House of Lords, the administration of justice, the prerogatives of the Crown, the whole question of crown and public revenue, of church and state, of taxation, &c.? Since the assumption of the government of Upper Canada by Sir F. B. Head, a majority of the Assembly have undertaken to give him, as a new man, some lessons on responsible government; differences have taken place; the most extravagant demands have been made, and the supplies have been withheld by a majority of the Assembly.—But their proceedings in any of these questions prove nothing as to the sentiments and feelings of the people of Upper Canada, no more than the report of one of their committees on geology proves what are the geological opinions of the Canadians. The people of Upper Canada were never appealed to on any of these constitutional questions. The Canadian Alliance Society itself had no existence until since the election of the present House of Assembly. The test by which a majority of the present Assembly was elected was their disapproval of the proceedings of the late Assembly in expelling a member several times for the same offence, and I confidently declare, Sirs, that the imputation of your schemes to the people of Upper Canada is a libel upon them. The residence of my life has been among the people of whom I thus speak. I am one of them by birth, education, feeling, and interest. I admit you have republican partisans there; you have, indeed, a Canadian Alliance there, but it is not the organ of Upper Canadian principles and feeling, and the *animus* of its talent, and its weekly lecturer, is nothing but a deposed Catholic priest. The people of Upper Canada are not republicans, nor do they desire a government purely democratic. They desire nothing but a monarchical colonial government well administered; and the truth of this assertion they will assuredly prove by an almost unanimous elective voice whenever any British Government puts the question to them.

I am, &c.

A CANADIAN.

*Emigrants arrived at New York.*—From the 1st of April to the 18th of June, 25,922 passengers have been detained at the Quarantine ground, and from the 19th of June to the 17th of August, 13,400 passengers, as such vessels are not detained at the Quarantine ground, and it is supposed that, on a moderate calculation, their number, if added to the others, would make the emigrants who have arrived here since April last to be about 60,000 persons.

*Jour. of Commerce.*

The late laird of Logan, of witty memory, in attempting to dissect one of his reek hens, after hacking and bawing for some time, and being quizzed for his awkwardness, threw down his knife, exclaiming with an oath, 'Foul fa ye, ye auld d—l, I believe you're the mither of the cock that crew to Peter!'

*CHARLES II.*—The duke of Buckingham was one day entertaining Charles II., when

the king said, ' Buckingham, I think you are the greatest rogue in all my dominions; upon which Buckingham immediately replied, ' Of a subject, I believe I am.'

#### UNITED STATES.

**Benjamin Rathbun.**—Every day seems to develop something new and strange connected with this new and strange man. We doubt whether our own country or any other ever exhibited such a character. The times, exciting and spirited as they are, the love of speculation, which to a greater or less extent predominates with every business man, even the very advancement of the age seems to have been far in the rear of his notions of the people with whom he lived. His sleeping and waking hours were filled up with business. It was his day dream and night dream, the subject of his morning and evening meditations, his meat and drink—in a word, his *every thing*. He not only loved to toil and to sweat, but the very excitement it created was his existence. Without it, like the chained spirit of an active and busy mind, he would have given up the ghost. His notions of every thing were unlike the notions of those around him. The *ultima thule* of others were but the *beginnings* in the conceptions of his own mind. He needed but the glimmerings of light which to others must have been as plain as the noonday sun. In all other things he was ambitious to excel, to outstrip the greatest deeds of others. What man had done was forgotten for what man might do. A partial failure in one thing, stimulated him to greater exertions in another.—' Attempt great things—expect great things,' was written upon all he designed to do, and upon all he accomplished. One thing only was wanting to make him the greatest and best business man of the age—that one thing was moral honesty, without which he could no more guide his ship with safety than the mariner could his without chart or compass.

Look for a moment into the history of this wonderful speculator. He had been almost a beggar in boyhood, and for a time was so in manhood.—From this low condition, with no money, no friends, and no influence, he became almost in the twinkling of an eye a man of wealth and unbounded influence. His labors and taste for the last few years have been witnessed in a thousand forms. The artist, the mechanician, the merchant, the manufacturer and the laborer have each been the better for his existence. The house of God and the house of feasting have each gone up at his bidding. Theatres and workshops, ships and ship canals, steamboats and canal boats have all, from the growing timber on the woodland to the last touch of the painter, been conceived and finished as he designed them. His lands and his cattle, his houses and his horses were as numerous as those of Job before disease and misfortune made him a beggar.

Such is a part of the brief and interesting history of this strange man. We would be glad to close it here, were it not that this same history which at first sight appears so prosperous, should in its true contrast, be a warning to the many who are ambitious to walk in the same footsteps. We believe there was a time when Mr. Rathbun would have shrunk from the commission of crime. Prosperity blinded him, and he became intoxicated under the fulfillment of his moderate prophecies of success.—When an abundance of the comforts and luxuries of life were his, he seemed the poorest and most miserable. The accomplishment of one plan was only the prelude of twenty others. Business grew upon him and weighed him down like an incubus. A thousand magnificent contracts were made which were to be met by as many and as large payments. Pay day came and found Mr. Rathbun unable to meet the demands presented against him. Here was his trying hour. His business, the sneers of the world, his half accomplished plans,—in a word, a failure involving his own ruin and the ruin of a multitude around him, were warring against conscience, duty, and principle. The former triumphed, and to hide the commission of one sin, he committed a thousand others. From one forgery of a few hundred dollars he advanced in crime until he became the greatest forger the world over knew.—Together his forgeries, from the commencement to the close, amount to nearly seven millions of dollars, and not only does his history speak out his own ruin and disgrace, but also the ruin & disgrace of his own brother and nephew, who, induced by the evil example of an elder brother, were seduced to the commission of an act which has not only destroyed their reputations, but which has placed them in a prison house. His wife, too, who is represented as a worthy woman, is a sufferer from his crimes. Unable to bear the shock which the tale of his conduct produced, she is now suffering under an alienation of mind, which many think will end in her death. Such is the brief and melancholy story of a man who a few days since was prosperous, commanding the services of thousands, who are now as much his superiors as the honest ever are to the rich who obtain their wealth by fraud and dishonor.

**Mr. Editor.**—As the public mind has been and still is somewhat excited with regard to the situation of our Western frontier, and the state being now under a requisition of General Gaines for a regiment of mounted gunmen to maintain its defense, I have thought it would not be uninteresting to know the names and numbers of the Indian tribes on that frontier. The statement is taken from an estimate accompanying a map of survey showing the geographical and relative position of the different tribes, which was prepared at the topographical bureau during the present year which I have not yet seen published.

#### The names and numbers of the Indians who have emigrated to the West of the Mississippi:

Choctaws	45,003
Appalachicolas	265
Cherokees	5,000
Creeks	2,459
Seneca and Shawnees	211
Senecas from Sandusky	281
Potowatomies	141
Peorias and Kaskaskies	442
Pienkeshaws	162
Wees	222
Ottowas	299
Kickapoos	470
Shawnees	1,245
Delawares	826

#### The names and numbers of the Indian tribes residing west of the Mississippi:

Ioways	1,200
Sacks of the Missouri	500
Omahas	1,400
Ottoes and Missourias	1,600
Pawnees	10,000
Comanchees	7,000
Minerces	15,000
Assinaboinies	2,000
Crees	3,000
Croventres	3,000
Crows	45,000
Shoux	27,000
Quapaws	450
Caddoos	800
Poncas	800
Osages	5,120
Konkas	1,471
Sacks	4,800
Arkansas	8,000
Chazenes	2,000
Blackfeet	30,000
Foxes	1,600
Arepehas and Keawas	1,400

And there is yet remaining east of the river in the Southern States, a considerable number; the 5 principal tribes are the Seminoles, Creeks, Cherokee, Choctaws and Chickasaws:

Seminoles (yet remaining east)	2,120
Choctaws	3,500
Chickasaws	5,429
Cherokees	10,000
Crees	22,668

Those stated as Western tribes extend along the whole western frontier. And taking as true the opinion of the department, that the average number of an Indian family is four, it may be seen what number of warriors, by possibility, might be brought into the field; and what number, on the other hand might be required to keep them in check.

By publishing the foregoing statement, you will oblige your humble servant,

To the Editor of the New York American :  
Montgomery, Ala., August 14

Intelligence has just reached me of the contract for the removal of the Creeks having been given to a company of some ten or twelve individuals, two of whom are from near Columbus, Ga., and the others from Maryland. The known liberal character of the men of this company ensures the most kind and humane treatment to the Indians. They have contracted to remove the whole nation, probably about 47,000 in number, at 28 I-2 dollars per head. The friendly chief, *Opothleyah*, and his party of near 3,000 Indians, are to go first. It is thought they will get off by the 22d instant. It will probably be not before the last of next month that they are all removed.

It is to be hoped now the Indians will have some peace. A more wretched and oppressed people never lived. They have been insulted, kicked and buffeted; their lands stolen from them; robbed of their money, and of their horses; and all kinds of villainy practised upon them. It is impossible for you at the north to conceive of the frauds, the theft, the heartless inflictions to which these poor Indians have been subject. And this is not mere surmise; it is a notorious fact throughout the Indian country, that they have been most unhumanly dealt with. And who, then, were the promoters of this war? Land speculators; land dealers; horse and money stealers—these were the men, and upon them let an indignant community throw their withering scorn. The Creeks, to have remained any longer passive under the studied malpractice of such a gang, would have discovered themselves, not as we are—people of feeling, of rights, and resist any encroachment upon them—but a parcel of brutes destitute of feelings of reason, and of spirit. There cannot be the least question but that all the Indians even those who are now considered friendly, have the most deadly enmity at heart towards the whites. It is impossible for it to be otherwise. They know they have been treated like dogs and possessing that knowledge, their feelings towards us must be corresponding. For my part, I hold in more respect the hostilities of the Creeks than I do the friendly; and if I were of them, and possessed the same sensibility to injustice I do now, I would fight the whites to the very last drop of my blood. It is a shame that our government don't drag to light those heathen blood-suckers, who are and have been making their fortunes by their unrighteous acts. It is due to our country as a Christian country, if not as one disposed to do justice, to expose and punish these wretches; and I hope the time is not distant, when a most rigid scrutiny will be had into this matter.

The forces are still disposed on the road between Columbus and Montgomery. Tennesseans, under Gen. Armstrong, will probably leave next week for Florida. They seem to show considerable reluctance to going; and I don't wonder at it, for a more undeserving people than the Floridians do not live in the country. Governor Call has most assuredly a queer people to manage. He seems to have found out by this time that he is to have no summer campaign. About six of the Tennesseans have died with the measles.

Gen. Scott has been most shamefully abused, both by the people and the government. Scott said there could be no summer campaign—Governor Call said there could, and the President ordered it accordingly. Still there has been as yet no summer campaign! Reed was proclaimed a coward and a liar by General Scott! The President, in the face of this, gives this same Reed a Brigadier General's

commission—not after an investigation into Reed's conduct, but independent of all investigation, and right in the face of the charge of a General-in-Chief of this man's cowardice and capability of falsehood. Could there be a more glaring act of disrespect, of insult, to Gen. Scott than this? And then his recall upon a private letter, and that letter from one who styles himself a soldier! Your's, &c.

From the Montreal Herald.

We must once more illustrate the blessings of 'pure democracy.'

1. **SOUTH versus NORTH.**—We learn that Samuel E. Sewall, a lawyer of this city, while sitting in his office this morning, was accosted by a person, said to belong to Baltimore, named George Adams, who on Saturday made an appointment to meet Mr. Sewall to-day at one o'clock—and after applying some words to him, implying that he would teach him (Mr. Sewall) his duty in regard to southern property, jailing to the slave case, in which Mr. S. lately appeared as counsel,) he drew from beneath his coat a cowhide, with which he struck Mr. Sewall several blows—when some gentlemen, who were present, interfered, and prevented further violence. The ruffian who made this cowardly attack, which reflects shame and disgrace only on himself, immediately left the city.

They want a better organised and more efficient police in Boston, too.—*Boston Ev. Jour.*

So the gentlemen, who interfered to prevent 'further violence,' permitted the ruffian to escape. A New York editor seems to justify 'the ruffian' and to throw all the blame on Mr. Sewall. He thus writes:

We regret exceedingly that the inhabitants of Boston should take such a hostile stand against our brethren of the south. It only engenders a hatred which will ultimately result in a division of the Union.

Mr. Sewall would have had less chance of being cowhided, had his ancestors, like others of the name, exchanged republican Massachusetts for monarchical Canada.

2. **Liberty of the Press.**—The editor of the *Western Emigrant*, published at Bradford, Kentucky, was lately assaulted in his own office by two ruffians, one a deputy sheriff, and during a short scuffle, he had an ear bit off, and also one of his eyes gouged out. So says the Louisville Journal.

Biting off an Editor's ear is too bad; shortening such an appendage both of editor and of correspondent might, in certain cases, be beneficial as well to the patients as to the public.

3. The following is highly creditable to the new kings of Arkansas :

**Horrible Atrocity.**—We are informed by several gentlemen from Columbia, Chicot county, that on Monday evening, after the election closed, a man by the name of Bunch was taken and hung by the citizens of that place. The cause which led to the infliction of such summary punishment, we are informed was owing to the unlawful conduct of Bunch. He claimed the right to vote, which was refused by the judges, owing to his being a colored man. Bunch took umbrage at this rejection, and resorted to violent measures. During the affray, Dr. Webb, a highly respectable citizen, was stabbed several times, the wounds supposed to be mortal. This so incensed the citizens, that Bunch was taken up and hung. We forbear to make any comments, as the whole affair will be fully and fairly investigated....*Helena (Ark.) Journal*, August 11.

The aforesaid state is not quite six months old; and the election mentioned was the first display of the infant sovereigns. Does not 'little Arkansas' go ahead? Will any one now dare to deny, that 'little Arkansas' was qualified for admission into the union? A colored man wishes to vote, where all men are declared to be free and equal. He is hanged for his impiety without the form of a trial. 'Saved him right; he'll know better another time.' Our readers will observe, that the epithet 'colored,' applied to gentlemen and ladies, is as unmeaning as the epithet 'black,' applied to cattle. Both black cattle and colored men may be beautifully white. White color does not make a white man. Nothing but a white mother can purify the stain of black blood; and a white woman rarely connects herself with a colored man. When such a case does happen, Judge Lynch generally tries, condemns and punishes the delinquents; and in some states, as we have reason to believe, such a connexion is a capital crime on the part of him who is guilty.

In noticing some of our recent remarks, the Buffalo Star kindly furnishes us with raw material for arguments against itself. We quote the passage;

Mr. Leigh, the great Bank, anti-instruction, whig Senator from Virginia, is the first instance we shall quote. In the Virginia Convention, he said....

'I have no hesitation in saying, that the English government is a free government, and the English people a free people. —Give me liberty in the English sense!!!'

A federal paper in the county of Herkimer, not many months ago, when the question of the right of instruction was under discussion, thus boldly dictates its sentiments;

'It does not occur to most people, that the voice of the democracy ought not to govern any nation....that the people, strictly speaking, are incapable of governing themselves. Many are apt to lose sight of the long established principle, that a

democracy is the worst of all governments, and they need occasionally to be told, plainly, that some parts of the constitution were especially designed to oppose and counteract the will of the people.'

**Piracy on the Lakes.**—We learn from Captain Robinson of the steamboat *General Gratiot*, that a schooner of about thirty tons burthen without colour or name, and containing a crew of twenty three persons armed with pistols, dirks and musquets, was taken in the St. Clair river last Saturday night under strong suspicion of piratical intentions. Suspicion was first excited when they had arrived at Huron's Island, where they landed and stole three head of cattle belonging to Mr. Huron. While engaged in this act, one of the crew, who had previously meditated an escape, left his companions, and communicated to the people ashore the fact that the cattle had been stolen by the crew, and also made affidavit of such other facts as justified an immediate and energetic movement on the part of Mr. J. K. Smith, the collector of Customs, the Sheriff of St. Clair, and other citizens, to arrest the vessel before she entered Lake Huron whither she was bound.

When the steamboat *General Gratiot* arrived at the village of Palmer, on Saturday about sundown, Mr. Chamberlin, the Sheriff and about thirty citizens embarked and directed Capt. Robinson to proceed immediately in pursuit of the vessel.

The *Gratiot* proceeded as directed and when about six miles below the mouth of Black River, about ten o'clock at night, the vessel was discovered under full sail. On coming up with her, Captain Robinson hailed her in the usual manner, but no satisfactory response being made they were ordered by the Sheriff to come alongside, which was done with reluctance. Upon enquiry it was found that she had no papers. Process was then issued upon them by the Sheriff, when they were towed into Black River, where they were held in custody to await an examination, which was to take place yesterday.

Whatever may have been the occupation or design of these men, it is certain that their appearance & that of their vessel, was such as to create distrust in the minds of those who met them. The schooner bore no name, was painted black, with a red streak just above the water-line, and appeared to be well built for sailing, and apparently an old vessel. The crew were generally armed, and the officers wore blue coats, in uniform with American buttons, otherwise British trimmings and all ornamented with huge mustachios. They were commanded by one whom they called General Dixon.

His Excellency Sir Francis Head arrived in Kingston on Friday evening. He was received on landing, with every demonstration of respect, by the towns-people, and on Saturday morning, an address, prepared by a committee, appointed for that purpose at a meeting which had been previously called by the sheriff of the district, was presented to him. It briefly recapitulated his Excellency's defence of the constitution, and the signal victory he had gained over its enemies; and expressed the hope that he might succeed in completely allaying dissensions for the future, in developing the resources of the province, and in securing to the people a cheap and good government. His Excellency replied as follows....

Gentlemen,...I thank you very sincerely for the congratulations you have offered me on my accession to the government of Upper Canada, and for the cordial reception I have met with on my arrival among you.

Gentlemen, I cannot deny that the winter of the past year was politically as well as physically severer than I expected to have found it. On the other hand, your spring and summer have offered me much more pleasure than I had anticipated; and it is with indescribable satisfaction, that I now witness the inhabitants of the province peacefully occupied in gathering an abundant harvest.

To develop the latent wealth and resources of this noble country, is the important duty which we shall all shortly be called upon to perform, and I have no doubt of our ultimate success, if all classes of people will join with me in allaying political animosity.

We have still great physical difficulties to contend with, and I believe we can only practically conquer them by living on terms of friendship with each other.

#### PUBLIC DINNER TO MR. ELICE.

Wednesday last, being the day appointed for the public dinner to be given to the Right Hon. EDWARD ELICE, the inhabitants of Huntingdon and its vicinity had an opportunity of expressing the gratitude they owe him, for his indefatigable exertions in promoting the improvement of the county of Beauharnois, and the high estimation in which they hold his private and public character.

About three, P. M. Mr. Ellice arrived, accompanied by His Excellency Lord Gosford, Sir George Gipps, the Hon. Captain Clements, A. D. C., Mr. Wm. Piermont, from New York, Mr. Brown and Mr. Norval. They were immediately waited upon by the Committee of management, who invited His Excellency and the gentlemen who accompanied him to honour them with their company at dinner, which request was graciously complied with. Lord Gosford and Mr. Ellice were called upon, by a great number of the in-

habitants, and received a number of petitions respecting lands and other local matters.

At four o'clock, dinner was announced Wm. Bowron, Esq. being called to the chair, Lieut. Col. John Davidson, acting as vice President, and Messrs. James Davidson, John Sommerville, D. K. Lighthill, Robert Sommerville, Alexander Davidson, and David Sheriff, as Stewards. About Sixty gentlemen sat down to dinner comprising among the party the most respectable inhabitants of

of the property he owned in this country for a number of years back to its improvement...and he intended so to do for a number more, and gave him great pleasure to think that he had through the instrumentality of his agents contributed to the advancement of education and agricultural improvement in these Townships, but whatever he had done, he begged to assure the gentlemen present, that it was only an earnest of what he intended to do. He was under many obligations to his Noble friend opposite for the very flattering manner in which he was pleased to mention his name, and he begged to assure his Lordship that he could in no way apply the wealth and influence it was his fortune to possess that could yield him greater satisfaction than in improving the County of Beauharnois. In conclusion, Mr. Ellice expressed a wish to propose the health of a gentleman, who might be considered the father of those Townships, who had innumerable difficulties to overcome when he first arrived in the place, from the want of the necessary roads, bridges and many other similar conveniences of life, but he, however, nobly 'baffled the storm,' and there was no one who had contributed so much to the prosperity of these Townships as the gentlemen in question. He would give the health of 'Our Chairman, Wm. Bowron, Esq.'

The *Maitland* got under-weigh this forenoon at half-past eleven, with a fine North wind, and was soon out of sight.

The remaining part of the corps, (52 rank and file,) with Lieutenants Grant and Cameron, embark in the *Marquis Huntley*, about the 12th inst.

It is requested that all letters and exchange papers for the *Standard*, from the United States, be addressed to UNION, Franklin Co. Vermont.

#### MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, SEPT. 13, 1836.

We received last week a letter from 'one of the Petitioners' which, after temporately mentioning our 'wholesale abuse' and 'slanderous assertions' and all that kind of thing, relative to the celebrated 'petition,' thus speaks; 'I feel convinced in my own mind that if you are of independent principles, not looking after *loaves and fishes* according to the manner of some with us, but having the good of your country at heart, that you will rise up with the determination of getting up another petition of the same description,' &c. &c.

We beg to premise, that had it not been for the above paragraph, we should not have thought it necessary to notice the letter here; but the above is so beautiful a confirmation of our remarks on the illiberality of 'liberals' that we think it worthy of being preserved.

Our readers will pardon us, if we briefly narrate our own private course with regard to the objectionable principle, now embodied in the 'petition,' but first broached in the report of the Montreal Association of December last. We do this, with reluctance, because the matter is rather of a nature proper to ourselves than to the public; we are anxious, however, to shew that our opinions concerning the objectionable principle, namely, the disposal of the Clergy reserves, have been *ab initio* the same.

When that report came out, so great was our mortification to find the association itself express its readiness to infringe the constitutional act, that, in a conversation with the chairman of the Missiskoui Branch, we expressed a resolution of doing our endeavour to procure an opinion from the branch condemning that part of the report. Unanimity, however, between the association and its branches was then of paramount importance, &—we confess while we regretted we sacrificed our resolution from expediency—a word which ought to be erased from the English dictionary.

The intention of the association—or rather of certain of its members—again appeared in the resolutions of 27th February last. We no longer could avoid recording our dissent, and we accordingly expressed it, but with moderation....The *Standard* was the first and then the only paper which objected to the principle.

We have been thus particular, in order to shew to our readers, that, from the first, we have been consistent; and partly to shew the illiberalism of 'one of the petitioners,' in leaving it to be inferred that if, after a perusal we do not 'rise up with the determination of getting up another' &c., we are 'looking after *loaves and fishes*.' 'One of the petitioners' knows nothing of us, else he never would have insinuated, that our opinions were to be swayed by the 'loaves and fishes' of any government; had we been, like himself, one of the 'liberals,' doubtless the insinuation would have been *a priori* just.

Another little sentence we take the liberty to extract, because it contains an illustration of the doctrines on which 'liberals' act. 'It may be of some service to you to know' says the letter 'that you have slandered the great majority of the British and Irish adult population of this City as probably nine tenths of them are signers of the petition.'

*The great majority!* Now we beg to assure 'one of the petitioners,' that 'to know' the above, is of no 'service to' us at all, for we have hitherto been glad 'to know' that the 'great majority' of the British & Irish are constitutionalists, a name to which the 'petitioners' can have no claim; and notwithstanding the slander in the above sentence of 'one of the petitioners' against the 'great majority,' we believe so still. Were the case otherwise, we are not so 'liberal,' as to allow ourselves to be led by the nose, by 'the great majority,' nor

so timorous, as to make for ourselves 'the great majority' a bugbear.

We consider the proceedings of the 'petitioners' as very impolitic, because the 'petitioners' have occasioned a disunion among constitutionalists, by introducing a matter, on which it was known that constitutionalists disagreed, and which, at the same time, was foreign to the constitutional cause.

We farther consider the 'petition' as perfectly useless, because, by an express reservation in the constitutional Act, the objectionable matter of the 'petition' is referred to the local legislature; and consequently the Royal Inquisitors have no business to interfere.

Some of our objections to the seizure of the Reserves set apart for a 'Protestant Church,' are comprised in two general and incontrovertible propositions.

I. Whatever is immoral tends to loosen 'the bonds, by which society is held together.'

II. It is immoral in one to take from another that to which the other has a legal right.

'Has a Protestant Church' a legal right to the Clergy Reserves? It has. Then it is immoral, and consequently tends to loosen the bonds by which society is held together, to seize on the Clergy Reserves.

We shall answer 'the-great-majority' argument of 'one of the petitioners,' by a syllogism or two.

Constitutionalists desire the integrity of the constitutional Act.

The 'great majority' of the British and Irish are Constitutionalists.

Therefore, 'the great majority' of the British and Irish desire the integrity of the constitutional Act.

But 'the petitioners' are opposed to a portion of the constitutional Act; 'the great majority' of the British and Irish cannot, therefore, be constitutionalists, and 'petitioners' at one and the same time.

The Earl of Gosford, passed through this village on Wednesday last, on his way to Stanstead.—We receive it as a high compliment that His Excellency has galloped through the Townships, as fast as horses could carry him, after his spending so much valuable time with the *habitants* of the Seigniories. It shewed at once conciliation and good taste.

We fortunately had every confidence in the steadiness of our township horses, otherwise we would have been pretty considerably alarmed for his Lordship's neck.

The frost of last Wednesday morning has ruined the corn crop, and killed the potatoe vines, almost to the ground.

By arrangements made with the Post Master of Union, Franklin County, VERMONT, a mail thence for this village will be transmitted every Friday, and Tuesday, and will return hence to Union, on the same days. This will afford a great convenience to those in this neighborhood, who have correspondence with the U. S. The *Albany Cultivator* will find that this arrangement will suit its subscribers, in St. Armand East, better than any other.

Miss E. S. HAWK, of St. Armand West, spun, on the 19th August, from sunrise to sunset, 100 knots of Filling.—Com.

#### LIST OF LETTERS.

For St. Armand.  
Potter Hazard, L. N. Kemp,  
Michael Custey, E. C. Reynolds,  
Representatives late Wm. Moffatt,  
Thomas Blacklock, 2 Wm. Reynolds,  
John M. Cradden, John Simpson,  
John Torrance, Nathan Darling,  
Eli Hawley, Thomas Gilman, or  
Wm. E. Waldo, John Taber,  
Ruth E. Ingalls,

Sutton.  
Jonathan Smith, Horace Bigelow,  
James O'Flanagan, Henry Hawley,  
George Leathert,  
Berkshire, Vt.  
Simeon Darling,  
Fairfield, Vt.  
Joab Smith, 2d  
Dunham.  
Mr. D. Westover,

**Notice.**  
A general meeting of the members associated for the detection and bringing to justice of HORSE THIEVES, will take place at Mr. ELIHU CROSETT's Hotel, on Monday the 19th instant, at three o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of transacting important business for the Society.  
(Signed) JOHN BAKER,  
H. N. MAY,  
J. CHAMBERLIN,  
R. V. V. FRELIGH,  
ELIHU CROSETT,  
OREN J. KEMP.

CASH paid for BUTTER.  
W. W. SMITH.

#### Notice.

THE Annual Meeting of the members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of the Counties of Mississipi and Rouville, will be held at the house of Mr. Abel Smith, Phillipsburg, on Monday the 3d day of October next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, agreeably to the 6th section of the Act, entitled, 'An Act to authorise the establishment of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies.'

By order of the Directors.  
CHESTER ROBERTS, Sec'y.  
Phillipsburg, Sept. 8th, 1836. V2 22—3w

#### For Sale,



A N Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farmar, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelingsburgh, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.

Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V2 22, 12w.

#### 100 BBLS fresh inspected

**FLOUR,**  
for sale by W. W. SMITH.  
August 26, 1836. V2 21 4w.

#### Just Received.

The subscriber has just received at his store in HIGHGATE, an extensive stock of

Teas, Coffee,  
Spices, Tobacco,  
Domestic Cottons, &c. &c.

which he offers to his friends by wholesale, low for cash or credit.

W. W. SMITH.

August 9, 1836.

#### FOR SALE, by the Subcriber,

500 Bushels of Corn.

A. B. MERRITT.

Missiskoui Bay, July 15th, 1836.

#### Strayed

FROM the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 26th inst., a coal black

#### Mare;

Said Mare is about 7 years old, with a long fore-top, and white spot on the hoof. Whoever will return her to the undersigned, give information where she can be found, shall be handsomely rewarded.

HIRAM ROUNDS.

Richford, Vt. August 30, 1836. V2 21tf.

A private letter states that the above mare is supposed to be in safe keeping at Mr. Luke Hitchcocks in Highgate Vt.

W. W. SMITH.

Shelburne, August 8, 1836. V2 20tf.

Strayed

FROM the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 26th inst., a coal black

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A private letter states that the above mare is supposed to be in safe keeping at Mr. Luke Hitchcocks in Highgate Vt.

W. W. SMITH.

Shelburne, August 8, 1836. V2 20tf.

#### Public Notice

I hereby give, that the undersigned will petition the Provincial Legislature, at its ensuing session, for an Act authorising them and others to form a Joint Stock Company for the purpose of making a RAIL ROAD from the Province Line at Stanstead to St. Johns, Lower Canada, passing through Stanstead, Hadley, and Bolton, to near Knouton's Mill, in Stokeley, thence through a corner of Bolton, Bromé and Shefford, through Parnham, and the seigniories intervening, in the most direct route to St. Johns, to intersect the Champlain and St. Lawrence Rail Road at St. Johns.

And that they purpose to require as Toll for Goods, Wares, and Merchandise, not exceeding thirty shillings per ton, and for each passenger, not exceeding fifteen shillings.

Asaph Knouton, Sewell Foster,

Jacob Cook, C. H. Jones,

James Ball, Alonzo Wood,

David Wood, Alvin Williams,

Lee Knouton, Benjamin Martin,

William Taylor, Shepherd Parker,

William D. Smith, Stephen P. Knouton

Shefford, August 8, 1836. V2 20tf.

#### Look at this !!!

A yard of Calico for a pound of Butter.

THE subscriber has received fresh from the market, and offers for sale at his Store in Bedford, a great variety of beautiful French Muslins, London Chintz and Prints of different qualities. Also a new and splendid assortment of Gentlemen's Summer wear; all a little cheaper and better style of Goods, than any offered at present to the public.

Groceries of the best qualities. All kinds of Dry Goods.

PHILIP H. MOORE.

Bedford, August 16th, 1836.

#### Machine Cards.

The subscriber, agent for Mr. S. P. Bent, manufacturer, Middlebury, Vermont, has received samples of the above; orders for which will be taken at low prices & executed with despatch.

JAMES COURT,

Montreal, 17th August, 1836. V2 21tf.

#### WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A first rate BLACKSMITH will meet with a good encouragement by applying to the undersigned.

JOHN H. CLOW.

Philipsburg, July 23, 1836. V2 16tf.

#### THE Subscriber will pay Cash for

Veal Calf Skins.

H. M. CHANDLER.

Frelinghburg, 17th April, 1836. V2 21tf

#### Look Here !!

THE Subscribers will pay Cash for

Veal Skins.

May 21, 1836. L. & A. KEMP.

#### Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Phillipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

#### Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.

Phillipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2 11—1y.

#### New Store.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a Store at the old stand of the late Capt. JOHN CHURCH, Jr. in CHURCHVILLE,

where he will hold himself in readiness to pay every attention to such as may favor him by calling and examining his assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

## MISCELLANY.

### A LUCKY DOG.

Odd things happen about town, which, but for the interposition of a journal like this, would sink quietly into oblivion and be forgotten for ever....The very triviality of a periodical is a part of its charm. It should reflect the minor lights and shades, the separate private incidents, the fleeting hues, the by-play of life.

The luck of some folks! There is unquestionably such thing as luck. There are people, (happy fellows!) that have it. Their dice always come up sixes! They are sure to hold a great hand at trumps! They were born under the auspices of some good fairy. They do wrongs with perfect impunity! Get praised for mischief! Paid for idleness! Ripe plums drop into their mouths! They are your prosperous folks! The persons who are blessed with lottery prizes, legacies, rich wives, apoplectic uncles, benefactors, &c. When spoken of, they are called 'lucky dogs.' Ah! we wish we were a 'lucky dog'!

We have now our eye on one of these geniuses. The following incident recalled him to our memory. His friends called him Bob—a short, quick, unexceptionable appellation, in the very pronunciation of which there is a sort of humorous satisfaction. Bob! It comes to your lips with a pelasant instinct. You can scarcely name it without a smile.

We knew Bob at school....his luck had commenced even there. No one ever detected him in any deviltry, and yet there was nothing sly or sycophantic about him. It was his luck. He was eternally finding penknives, marbles, horse-shoes, fishing-hooks, tops, twine, and the like. We well remember a really valuable watch-chain was once exhibited in the school-room as having been found, and no owner came forward to claim it.

'Who found it?' Demanded the usher. 'Bob!' cried nine-and-fifty juvenile voices.

'I could have sworn it!' exclaimed the good man.

Having got through his school days, Bob is now a young lawyer! With all his luck, somehow or other he is as poor as Job! Luck has destroyed all his energy by rendering it unnecessary. Who would row the ship when there is a favorable wind? Young lawyers are a sad set. Poor almost invariably; yet poor with a humorous & genteel philosophy—a sort of aristocratic destitution, a gentlemanly indifference to, and absence of, the circulating medium—a cigar-smoking, theatrical-going, novel-reading, life-enjoying, good-for-nothing philosophy, which makes one—if not rich...at least happy.

We should like to give the reader, sometimes, a peep into Bob's office—a naked room, containing a table and two chairs, a candlestick and a dozen dirty law-books, capped by a half exhausted box of *dos amigas* cigars, a spitting-box, an inkstand, and a fragment of looking-glass. In rainy weather, or when the sun is too hot, or the streets too muddy or too dusty for walking, you will see Bob in his office, stretched out in glorious ease and solitude, with his chair tipped back against the wall, and his feet lifted up on the table, a long cigar in his mouth, with the ashes unbroken, and some pleasant book or other, or a newspaper, up close to his nose.

'I should imagine,' we one day said to him, 'that you would fear being caught by your clients at a novel.'

'Clients!' echoed he, with an air of surprise, 'ridiculous!'

Bob was thus seated a few weeks ago, free from 'clients,' but not from care. He had been trying in vain to raise a hundred dollars. 'No matter, he said, 'I'll take a smoke on it.' Down he sat, whiffing forth long spiral wreaths of tobacco smoke from his lips, and soon lost all anxiety in the pages of *Rienzi*. While thus engaged, a man entered, with a piece of paper in his hand, and somewhat abruptly touched him on the shoulder.

'You must come with me,' said the intruder, with an imperative air.

'The deuce I must!' exclaimed Bob.

'I shall believe more of that when I see it.'

'That will be now,' resumed the other.

'So you will not tire yourself waiting.'

'Come along and save trouble.'

'Trouble! you reprobate. You had better decamp and save me the trouble of breaking your head.'

'Come, come master Beeswax,' said the stranger. 'The long and short of it is, I am a constable, and I arrest you, Peter K. Beeswax, on this warrant. Will you come by fair means or shall I use foul?'

'Beeswax!' echoed Bob, a ray breaking in upon the darkness. 'Oh, ho! arrest me, hey? Well, sir, do it at your peril.'

'I will.'

'Mind, I warn you. I am not the man.'

'That's my business.'

'I give you fair notice.'

'Thank you for your kindness.'

'Not in the least,' said Bob, and springing into the carriage with his conductor, he soon reached the City-Hall, where the officer, who had rudely treated him on their way from his office, was soon convinced of his error.

'You are a scoundrel,' said Bob, indignant and outraged, 'I will make you suffer for this false imprisonment.'

The officer begged a settlement, which was presently concluded on the payment to Bob of fifty dollars.

'Oh, ho!' said he, 'I am fifty dollars

short yet. No matter, I am a lucky dog. I'll try another smoke on it.'

Back to his office he went, and was just drawing near the conclusion of the Roman Tribune, when the boy brought the newspaper. He opened it and the first paragraph read thus:

'Caught at last.—A young lawyer, Mr. Robert ——, was this morning arrested for a criminal offence, of which we have not been able to learn the particulars. We have known something of this gentleman...always suspected his career would terminate in prison, where he now lies waiting to be tried at the court of sessions.'

The editor was one of Bob's private enemies....Bob smiled, and called in his friend Counsellor Nabbem, one of the most inexorable ornaments of the profession. Of this learned barrister it was wont to be remarked, 'there is no let up to him.' Counsellor Nabbem wrote to the editor. It was but a line or two, but it brought the good man, with some symptoms of alarm, to the office of Counsellor Nabbem.

'A libel, sir,' said the counsellor, 'as plain as the nose on your face. Better settle it this instant.'

'How!' cried the frightened editor.

'First my costs.'

'What are they?'

'Seventy-five dollars.'

'And then ——?'

'And then Mr. Robert Blank's feelings and reputation are worth something, say fifty more.'

'Counsellor Nabbem,' said the editor, with a slight tremulous voice, 'there's a check. Send the satisfaction piece to my office.'

'With the greatest pleasure!'

'Right,' said Bob, when Counsellor Nabbem sent the fifty dollar note; 'a hundred exactly; and I have finished *Rienzi* too! Unquestionably I am a lucky dog!' —N. Y. Mirror.

### THE STUFFED CAT.

An old chifffonier (or rag picker) died in Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that her marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who resided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. 'So, my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place!' cried he, 'I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?' 'I, sir! you are joking.' 'No faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better one than yourself.' But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me!' 'Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you.' Suzette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he was determined that even death should not separate them; for he had her stuffed and placed on the tester of his bed. As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

You must come with me,' said the intruder, with an imperative air.

'The deuce I must!' exclaimed Bob.

'I shall believe more of that when I see it.'

'That will be now,' resumed the other.

'So you will not tire yourself waiting.'

Come along and save trouble.'

'Trouble! you reprobate. You had better decamp and save me the trouble of breaking your head.'

'Come, come master Beeswax,' said the stranger. 'The long and short of it is, I am a constable, and I arrest you, Peter K. Beeswax, on this warrant. Will you come by fair means or shall I use foul?'

'Beeswax!' echoed Bob, a ray breaking in upon the darkness. 'Oh, ho! arrest me, hey? Well, sir, do it at your peril.'

'I will.'

'Mind, I warn you. I am not the man.'

'That's my business.'

'I give you fair notice.'

'Thank you for your kindness.'

'Not in the least,' said Bob, and springing into the carriage with his conductor, he soon reached the City-Hall, where the officer, who had rudely treated him on their way from his office, was soon convinced of his error.

'You are a scoundrel,' said Bob, indignant and outraged, 'I will make you suffer for this false imprisonment.'

The officer begged a settlement, which was presently concluded on the payment to Bob of fifty dollars.

'Oh, ho!' said he, 'I am fifty dollars

short yet. No matter, I am a lucky dog. I'll try another smoke on it.'

Back to his office he went, and was just drawing near the conclusion of the Roman Tribune, when the boy brought the newspaper. He opened it and the first paragraph read thus:

'Caught at last.—A young lawyer, Mr. Robert ——, was this morning arrested for a criminal offence, of which we have not been able to learn the particulars. We have known something of this gentleman...always suspected his career would terminate in prison, where he now lies waiting to be tried at the court of sessions.'

The editor was one of Bob's private enemies....Bob smiled, and called in his friend Counsellor Nabbem, one of the most inexorable ornaments of the profession. Of this learned barrister it was wont to be remarked, 'there is no let up to him.' Counsellor Nabbem wrote to the editor. It was but a line or two, but it brought the good man, with some symptoms of alarm, to the office of Counsellor Nabbem.

'A libel, sir,' said the counsellor, 'as plain as the nose on your face. Better settle it this instant.'

'How!' cried the frightened editor.

'First my costs.'

'What are they?'

'Seventy-five dollars.'

'And then ——?'

'And then Mr. Robert Blank's feelings and reputation are worth something, say fifty more.'

'Counsellor Nabbem,' said the editor, with a slight tremulous voice, 'there's a check. Send the satisfaction piece to my office.'

'With the greatest pleasure!'

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